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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE KIND GRAY DAY.

Oh, give thyself to the kind gray day
That doth not bargain nor betray!
The tranquil stream
Shall hallow thy dream;
The grasses dry
Divine thy sigh;
And the withered weed
Thy need;
The silent trees
Shall give heart's ease,
Shall dower thee with soft distances,
Vistas of soul tranquilities;
Ah, the silent trees
Appease!
Thy heart shall render due reply
To the quiet of earth and the peace of sky;
Yea, the gray, mysterious depths of the day
Shall fashion thy soul, in a secret way,
To meet Infinity;
If thou wilt yield thee to the day
That doth not bargain nor betray.

—*Hannah Parker Kimball.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII | THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1906 | NUMBER 6

THE CALL TO THE STRONG.

(Matthew 11:28.)

Not to the weak alone
Soundeth the call of Love,
"Come unto me and rest;"
But to the spirits strong and great;
Who do the work and bear the weight,
Toiling from early morn till late,
With vigor and grace and zest.

These are the lives that labor,
These are the heavy-laden,
Theirs is the blessed word.
Not for themselves the strain and care;
It is their neighbor's grief they share,
It is their brother's load they bear,
Even as did their Lord.

Patient they are, and brave,
Steadily marching on,
Ready for every test.
Only the Lord who trod that way
Knows of the strain from day to day,
Knows how they long to hear Him say,
"Come unto me and rest."

And it is sweet to know
How to each broken heart
Cometh the summons blest;
"Ye who have toiled without avail,
Ye who were tempted but to fail,
Ye who are sad and poor and frail,
'Come unto me and rest.'"

Yet is there something more,
Better and worthier far,
Richest reward and best:
"Ye who are strong and true and brave,
Putting aside the ease ye crave,
Comrades of Him who died to save,
'Come unto me and rest.'"

William P. Merrill, D. D.

—*From the Interior, October 4.*

The National Municipal League of Philadelphia publishes a Clipping Sheet in which is a "Citizen's Bulletin of What We Most Need." In a condensed form it reads as follows:

"We most need men who cannot be bought; who put character above everything; who possess opinions and a will; who will not lose their individuality in a crowd, or think anything profitable that is dishonest; who will make no compromise with questionable things; whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires; who will sacrifice private interests to public good; who are not afraid of failure, and who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life."

Of making calendars there is no end. It is almost cruel to suggest Christmas time so early in the season, but the calendar-maker must take time by the forelock. Of all calendars, the home-made, hand-made and love-made is the most attractive. The Friendship Calendar Company, of New Britain, Conn., and the Lincoln Centre Shop, Chicago, are already in the field with devices by which individuals can make their own selections, illuminations, inscriptions, or what not, for each day in the year; these are neatly tableted and ready for use. our fore-handed readers will do well to look at these devices in time.

The San Francisco upheaval so shook the Paul Elder Company's unique printing plant that it has landed in New York City. Their entire San Francisco plant was destroyed; now they are going to try it again at 45 E. 19th Street, New York City. Those who were interested and charmed by the unique audacity, the quaint originality and the sometimes subtle sense in their nonsense will watch with anxiety the result of this transplanting. Pacific coast genius has not always stood transplanting to the Atlantic shores. We hope that in this case it will prove successful.

The autumn announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. lies before us with its high allurements. A Life of Walt Whitman by Bliss Perry; Biography of the charming, versatile "Hans Breitman;" Moncure D. Conway's "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East;" Genung's "The Hebrew Literature of Wisdom in the Light of Today," and William B. Forbush's "Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar," J. N. Larned's "Books, Culture and Character," N. S. Shaler's "From Old Fields," A Scientist in Meter, not to speak of the definitive edition of Edward Rowland Sill's complete poems, and the three-volume edition of Robert Browning, are books for which the mouth of every UNITY reader will water. We are not writing this note at the suggestion of the publishers, but are making a confession of our own temptations. The Houghton, Mifflin house has its business standing and business interests well guarded and properly exploited. We love to think of it as a great culture center, a mighty missionary plant. To it and its predecessors is American literature unspeakably indebted. How could it be otherwise with the publishers of Emerson, Lowell, *et al.*, and the perennial sources of the benign *Atlantic Monthly!*

The *Literary Digest* has fallen! Alas, in the moment of its triumph it has obliterated its attractive, familiar, refining face. Now it appears with a "Picture" title page. A solemn goddess with a streaming feather and green tablet and eyes in

fine frenzy rolling, stands out against a wild background that may be a peacock's tail or some kind of a juniper bush, blooming with roses. *Et tu Brute?* We had become accustomed to the vaudeville cover of *Collier's,* with a new hue each time; we had learned to respect the commendable heroism of the *Century* and some other magazines which really try to give us a cover of high artistic merit, but we were not prepared for this downfall of the *Literary Digest,* to the character of whose contents, its skillful editing and comprehensive spirit, we have often borne testimony. What if some morning we should find in the mail our *Atlantic Monthly* with a flaming colored cover on it! Joking aside, is there not a pecuniary as well as a culture value in association? How dear to those who now live in the graying years are the recollections of the familiar faces of the old "family papers"—the weekly and monthly visitors, now remembered more by their faces than by their contents, the old type grown genial by familiarity, however inartistic the lines! There is pedagogical value in novelty and change, but there is also a profounder value in familiarity and association. We would not be misunderstood. Whatever today popularizes art is commendable: we would not discount the value of illustration; but one does not hang pictures on the outside, over the front door. The cover should be a wrapper protecting the more valuable treasures within.

Later. The *Literary Digest* of October 6th just received, and it has recovered from the temporary aberration of September 29th. The old face is again before us, and we recognize our friend and beg its pardon for the presumption and levity of the above.

We are in receipt of a circular letter signed by some two dozen men who have a national reputation for independency of thought and civic probity, asking for special contribution towards the campaign fund necessary to secure the re-election to the lower house of congress of a poor man who has distinguished himself as a fearless fighter for righteousness and progressive legislation during a previous incumbency. The circular says:

"By reason of his fitness to be a leader in 'cleaning up the House,' because of the undaunted courage he has displayed in his fight against all forms of special privilege, and because he is a poor man quite unable to meet the absolutely necessary expenses for halls, trucks, literature, postage, etc., attending the vigorous campaign he should make, we appeal to whoever appreciates the importance of his work, the need of such an aggressive fighter for righteousness in the next congress, and who realizes that his victory this year will be an inspiration to others to also boldly assail special privilege, to contribute towards his campaign, a fund of at least $2,500 being required."

Has it come to this,—that a poor man of such signal ability in a country with the democratic pretensions and possibilities of the United States, has no chance of a fair election without the expenditure of at least $2,500? It goes without the saying that it is an economic investment if such a man can be seated by the legitimate expenditure of an educational fund of this sum or much larger, but it should be possible for such a man as Robert Baker to make himself felt and heard without the investment of private funds. This must be realized, if in no other way than by public intelligence condemning and popular suffrage refusing to endorse at the polls the men who do win out by virtue of their money, or at least set the wicked pace of campaign extravagance which for the time being puts the poor man at such an obvious disadvantage. If public sentiment can be created in no other way, it should be embodied in wholesome restrictive laws.

"The Scroll" is the title of a refreshing little visitor which promises to become a monthly caller. It is a little thing of eighteen pages, without padding, and free from the unwieldy and for the most part unwelcome encumbrances of modern journalism—advertisements. In the present agitation of postal rates, does it never occur to the Postmaster General that there ought to be a limit to the purely commercial side of respectable journalism as represented in the advertising business? Tear off from the popular monthlies the advertising pages and Uncle Sam's mail bag will instantly become wieldy and perhaps self-supporting. But what of *"The Scroll?"* It is the organ of a progressive coterie of ministers belonging to the fellowship of the Disciples of Christ. This band of liberated and liberalizing ministers call themselves the Campbell Institute. The avowed purpose of this Institute is to ally religion with modern thought; to keep the Disciple movement at least in touch with progressive things. This open confession of purpose and kinship on the part of the liberal wing of the Disciples Church is a suggestion which the progressive brethren in all the other denominations will do well to follow, nay, which they must one of these days follow or else be convicted of the timidity, the half-heartedness and the expediency which is so condemned by their studies and by their conclusions. In the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and particularly in the Congregational, bodies, there is a growing minority which must vindicate the liberty of prophecy within their fellowship or else move out. The latter alternative is already beyond the possibilities or the wisdoms; there are too many of them; liberal thought has permeated the whole lump; it is not a matter of excision. Evolution has gone on too far. The spirit warring against the letter must be vindicated by the reconstruction or, if need be, by the destruction of the latter. We wish the *Scroll* might fall into the hands of every minister who feels a strain between his ecclesiastical inheritance, which is dear to him,

and the prophetic movements in his own soul today, equally dear and more imperative. Copies can be obtained by writing to 5508 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

"The World's New Thought Federation" is the ambitious if not ambiguous and somewhat clumsy name of a movement hard to define but full of significance. The very ambiguousness of the movement testifies perhaps to its importance. The outlines of a pond are easily fixed; the contents of a lake may be calculable, but the extent of the sea is beyond human measurement. So this movement that seeks to reach the undertow in the world of thought, to find common ground in things that seem so different has its significance. This movement seems to have its center in Chicago more than anywhere else. Its President, T. G. Northrup, and Assistant Secretary, A. R. Heath, being located here. A Chicago federation claims to represent some thirteen different brotherhoods, centers, clubs, etc. The purpose as stated in its constitution is:

"To promote the better and wider knowledge and appreciation of the unity of all life, and to assist in the manifestation of this unity by means of coöperation; to stimulate faith in, and study of, the higher nature of man in its relation to character, health and prosperity."

This constitution invites into its fellowship "all societies or persons who are in sympathy with its purpose." From a little leaflet issued by its Secretary, Ernest Weltmer, of Nevada, Ohio, setting forth its work, aims, and objects, we read:

"The New Thought movement is a world movement invading every department of life. It is the forerunner of new sciences, new arts, a new literature, a new education, a new penology, a new philosophy, a new science of healing and a new sociology. It represents a demand for the use of constructive thought in lieu of and as an antidote for destructive forces.

"It represents a wider tolerance of individual belief; it represents a growing appreciation of the power of the individual to control heredity and environment and to secure personal deliverance from fear and failure. It represents a demand for a 'larger life' among men, greater liberty for the individual, greater solidarity for society.

"It represents a growing appreciation of the meaning of life through a greater knowledge of the unity of life itself. It asks no sacrifice of conscientious belief, no sacrifice of worthy association, no sacrifice of honorable means. It stands for voluntary contributions, whether of service or of money, for all benefactions, recognizing that giving or withholding is a matter that rests with the individual conscience.

"New Thought recognizes the present as the Eternal and to this extent presents a new point of view. In brief, New Thought is a new and practical application of the 'Wisdom of ages' to the purpose of Life, here and now."

UNITY cannot afford to be indifferent to such a movement as this and would not hold itself aloof. Distrustful as it is of a certain arrogance, consciously or otherwise, in the word "New," anxious as it is to hold to the historic continuity of faith and thought, believing as we do that some of the new things here claimed are very old and that perhaps some of the old limitations and assumptions lurk in the new, we bid this and all other movements towards unity God speed! We will watch its progress with interest and will co-operate with it when and as we can.

Books for the Minister's Table

Not all books profitable for the minister's table deserve a place in the minister's library. Many books in these days are valuable because they represent the life and the thought of the hour. They are *timely* books and they pass with the times. Perhaps this is the characteristic of the eight or ten books now before us.

"CHRISTUS REDEMPTOR" (Macmillan) is the last of a series of little books on missions, edited by a committee of orthodox women. Six books have already appeared, concerning themselves with India, China, Japan, Africa, and this last "The Island World of the Pacific." Each of the books carries an historical and somewhat sentimental title, the aptness of which is not always clear; such as, "Via Christi", "Lux Christi", "Rex Christus", "Dux Christus", "Christus Liberator", and this last, "Christus Redemptor". But these books have been prepared in the modern spirit. They recognize the value as well as the interest of natural phenomena, of race characteristics, of the economic and historic elements that gather around these countries. In short, they are admirably adapted for that for which they were intended—a text book for circles of women who desire to devote themselves carefully to the systematic study on lines indicated by these books. Such studies will yield more profit than many more ambitious programs. This last book on "The Island World of the Pacific" is particularly tempting. The last pages are given to the Philippine islands, concerning which any information is valuable and all the information is inadequate.

"MORAL OVERSTRAIN", by George W. Alger (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a book of sermon essays, the first of which gives the title to the book. The titles of the succeeding chapters, "Sensational Journalism and the Law", "Unpunished Commercial Crimes", "Generosity and Corruption", "The Literature of Exposure", "The Citizen and the Jury", "Some Equivocal Rights of Labor", "Criminal Law Reform", sufficiently indicate the immediate character of his subjects. "Unpunished Commercial Crimes" is a searching study of the wickedness of business inflation, loud advertising, exaggerated profits, the fraud of the promoter. "The declaration of fictitious dividends is a crime"; "rascals out of office are not so dangerous as those in office"; "the limitations and restrictions upon stockholders' suits is a direct encouragement to criminal financiering by persons in control of corporations thus protected"; "In these days millions of dollars are spent annually in giving value to trade marks by advertisers"; "the greatest bank wrecker in American criminal history now lives undisturbed in New York. He never served a day in jail for a defalcation of three million dollars". These are sample sentences. "Generosity and Corruption" contains some home thrusts. "When a tricky finan-

cier gives us a hospital or an art gallery we do not cry in an offensive chorus 'Where did he get the money?' but accept with philosophic gratitude anything given back to us collectively which was stolen from us individually". "We cannot afford to let a delayed or partial restitution acquire a false glamor and under a false name become a substitute for common honesty". "The Literature of Exposure" has already inspired an editorial in these columns. The minister who is a little short of sermon-making material will do well to dip into this book; for, after all is said and done, vital religion is rooted in morality and the living consicence today concerns itself with public morals and civic righteousness. The prophets represent the virility of the Old Testament, the Sermon on the Mount the vitality of the New, and the love of righteousness is still not only the road to heaven but the path to peace.

The friends of Frederic C. Howe may well take up this book, "THE CONFESSIONS OF A MONOPOLIST" (The Public Publishing Co., Chicago, $1.50), with anxiety, for his "The City, the Hope of Democracy" was so fine a triumph, so eloquent and, to us at least, convincing an argument that the city is coming up and that it is fast becoming indeed not only the hope of democracy but the hope of humanity, that we feared a drop in the next book. In the first book Mr. Howe dealt with facts and figures; he displayed the skill of an inspired citizen which justified his neighbors, young man as he is, in sending him to the senate chamber of the state of Ohio. This last book is a story which follows the boy through the law office into practical politics, which makes him eventually the state Boss, and carries him into the United States senate. The book closes with a chapter on "Some Rules of the Game". Inevitably the purpose rather overlays the story, perhaps making it all the more to the liking of the young voter. It is clearly an ante-election book. We wish it might be put into the hands of all the seniors in the colleges of the United States. It is a book which the partisan, the habitual office-seeker or the successful business man who stoutly protests that his business is his own and that it is no man's business how he manages it, will not like.

Of making Lincoln books there is no end. Nineteen hundred and six will bring its annual yield. "LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG", by Clark E. Carr (Macmillan), and "THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATES" (Henry Holt & Company), are two books to be welcomed by the Lincoln student. The former is a beautiful setting to a well known address by probably the only survivor of the commission which had charge of the Gettysburg National Cemetery. It tells authoritatively the story of the immortal address. The latter is a convenient edition of Lincoln's Springfield and Cooper Institute addresses and the great "joint debates" at Freeport, Galesburg and Alton, with illumiating introduction and notes by Professor Bouton of the New York University—an admirable little hand-book for students of good English as well as of good government and true democracy.

Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton is well known in current Bible literature as a woman who has offered many helps to the Sunday School teacher and to the parent. Her "HEBREW LIFE AND THOUGHT" (University of Chicago Press, $1.50) is interpretative studies in the literature of Israel, arranged under eleven heads. It will prove very valuable to thousands of Sunday School teachers and parents if it can only find them. Mrs. Houghton, we believe, enjoys to a degree the confidence of the orthodox denominations and her book is best adapted to those in the orthodox churches who are reaching after the fresher and more scientific study of the Bible. It is a literary rather than a theological treatment. The very titles awaken the curiosity and inspire interest. Note:—"Folk Lore in the Old Testament", "The Poetry of the Old Testament", "Love Stories of Israel", "Secular Faith", "The Hebrew Utopia". How tempting! In these essays there is evidence of a life-long familiarity with the Bible, illumined with a good deal of modern study. One entirely familiar with the last results of higher criticism will often discover lurking still the theological bias, the desire to differentiate Bible vision and standards from the other achievements of the world. The closing paragraph in the book is an unfortunate termination of a book that is provided with so much "sweet reasonableness". Thus runs the paragraph:

> "The laws of Israel came not from Egypt, nor from Babylon, nor from any of the nations with which Israel was brought in contact. It is impossible to study them carefully, to compare them with the laws and customs by which our modern society is governed, and not to feel convinced that they came direct from God."

And this notwithstanding the fact that we are told on page 328 that the discovery of the Code of Hammurabi had necessitated a thorough revision of the chapter because the "influence of this Code upon the Mosaic institutions is clearly traceable, and also because a comparison of the two brings into striking relief the marvelously high ethical standard of the latter". Modern scholarship will not quarrel with her over the relative superiority of what she calls the "Mosaic Code", which she must know is not Mosaic, but it will hardly understand how an ethical epigram, an edict of righteousness or a precept of love and justice found in Babylon or in Egypt may not have come quite as direct from God as parallel statutes and precepts found in the Jewish Bible. Granted that these high things found in the Bible did come "direct from God," where did the same things come from that reached Egypt and Babylon? We say this not in disparagement of an excellent book, but simply to justify the statement made at the beginning, that it is a book for the

day,—very well worth reading, very well worthy a place on the preacher's table, but scarcely deserving a place in his library. The book abundantly proves the assertions in the preface that it represents a study which began in early childhood and that such studies subjected the essays to many revisions. If life is granted, Mrs. Houghton will give to the subject matter here further revision and another rewriting.

"THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS" (First Free Church of Seattle, $1.00), by Alfred W. Martin, is a series of pulpit deliverances on the seven extant great religions—Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism, Zoroastrianism, Christianity and Mohammedanism,—with appropriate readings from the Bibles of these religions, with portraits, charts, etc., etc. This is a careful piece of work by a painstaking minister of religion who dares believe in his congregation's capacity to understand, enjoy and profit by the lore of universal religion. The book, in the nature of the case, is a modest one. Its circulation, unfortunately, must necessarily be limited; but because Mr. Martin has gone to the best sources for his information, has carried into his Study a consecrated as well as an active mind, it is a little book that may well find its way not only to the preacher's table but onto his book shelves. Quite aside from its contents, it is a stimulating object lesson inviting other ministers to go and do likewise or do better.

Two copies of a curious book came a few weeks ago to the postoffice addressed to the "Parliament of Religions, Chicago". The Department delivered the books to the Senior Editor of UNITY who, by virtue of his service as Secretary of that organization in 1893 is apparently regarded by the Department as the residuary legatee of that great event. The book is entitled "THE REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED HINDU OFFICIAL, Containing Short Hints on Hindu Philosophy" (The Commercial Press, Triplicane, Madras). The writer, V. Balakrishna Moodaliar, is a high caste layman who, at sixty-five years of age retired from a long and apparently successful career as an official of the British government in India. The 140 pages give in quaint, sometimes humorous, English idiom, a narrative of great frankness. It contains a curious mixture of trifling personalities, of liturgical and theological details, which, to the western mind, are either unintelligible or painfully unimportant. Indeed, the large number of untranslated words indicate the incapacity of the English language to express the subtleties, the dogmatism and the superstitions of orthodox Hinduism today. All this is interspersed with rare glimpses of spiritual insight, tender devoutness and winning witnesses to the power and beauty of the simple life and the single eye.

We thank the good friend who sent this token of fellowship across the wide seas. If we were to reciprocate by sending back a book that would represent with equal frankness the faith, practice and theology of conservative Christianity, say of the Roman Church or even the Salvation Army, he would read the book with the same wonder at the inanities and incomprehensibilities of much of the text, but he would also recognize with delight the familiar experience of the human heart, the commonplaces of love and duty, the universal language of righteousness and faith. The universalities of Hinduism carry across the seas; the universalities of Christianity are as much at home in the valley of the Ganges as the theories of the sages are in the valley of the Mississippi. All through his life this Hindu official seems to have lain hold of the essentials, but on account of the ignorance or the weakness of his people and times, he tried also to carry faithfully through life what at this distance seems to be a heavy pack of non-essentials. The metaphysical and liturgical baggage seems at this distance grievous to bear. But this also is a bond of fellowship, for who of us can

"See ourselves as others see us"?

There is much in this book that might provoke a smile, some that will awaken pity, a little to arouse disgust, but all of it touches us with a sense of kinship. A brother signals to us, not only from a remote continent in space, but from a remoter continent in the geography of human history, thought, and life.

A Hymn to the Mountain

Creator of the hills—
Where strength for mortal ills
  Is richly found;
Low in the wilderness,
With lives of storm and stress,
Men lift their eyes and press
  Toward higher ground!

What though the air be bleak?
High on the stainless peak
  Mist veils may clear.
Star flowers in the snow
Smile on the way they go;
Clouds, darkness, left below—
  God's skies are near!

First, greeting morning's beams;
Last, treasuring sunset gleams;
  Keeper of light!
With beacon torch of fire
Leading our souls up higher,
As lambent flames aspire,
  God loves the height!

Lift up, Oh, pearly gate!
That souls which watch and wait
  One glimpse may win
Above Time's changing shores.
Treading the starry floors,
The King lifts golden doors
  To enter in!

—*Written for the Pike's Peak Centennial by Mrs. Gilbert McClurg.*

Our grand business is, undoubtedly, not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD-BYE TO EARTH.

"Say not good-bye, but in a happier clime bid me good-morning."

After a visit of a few weeks among her relatives in Ohio Mother Bickerdyke came back to her son and her home in Bunker Hill and the quiet days went on as before.

It was not until that last year, 1901, that we began to hear rumors of her failing strength that alarmed us. But she kept up so well, she worked so steadily, she showed such active interest in all that went on around her, that even then we could not think how soon she was to leave us. The last spring came and went with its promises as dear, its flowers as sweet as ever; but when the heat of the summer came on, her son, ever watchful for her comfort, noticed signs of increasing weakness, and remembering the good it once had done her, proposed another trip to California for her, but she said, "No, my son, I do not want to go," and he said no more about it. The days in their passing laid heavy toll upon her, but with great determination she arose each morning and occupied herself with the little duties and pleasures the day brought. Her friends still visited her, her "boys" never missed a chance to see her, but the shadow of the parting was over all. Yet it was not a dreary shadow—her brave spirit forbade any dreariness. It was only the sunset of a well spent day, struck through and through with light, giving strong promise of a beautiful tomorrow.

In July her son was obliged to go to Kansas City for medical treatment. She could not go with him, but some three or four weeks later she went down and returned with him. This I believe was the last time she went from home, though she went more or less into the homes of the village where there was want or sickness, doing always what she could to alleviate the want and cheer the sick.

On the afternoon of November first she got up from her chair to cross the room. Mr. Bickerdyke asked if he should help her. "Oh, no, my son, I do not need help," she replied, but the next instant, before he could reach her, she fell to the floor. She was considerably affected by the shock, and grew weaker rapidly until Sunday afternoon (Nov. 3), when she was stricken with paralysis of the left side, and it was thought the end was near. Word passed around that she was dying. But she clung to life and days of anxiety followed. Her mind as yet was clear and strong. Though she spoke little the few words to her son were full of love and motherly anxiety, but her faith never faltered, her courage was undaunted. Thursday afternoon her mind seemed failing, and at two o'clock Friday morning, November 8, 1901, she lost consciousness entirely and lay quietly breathing until the day was nearly done, when she quietly and easily passed from earth, "falling on sleep" at sunset to awaken with the sunrise still safe and well in the Father's care, while he who loved her thanked Him for the long years He had left her with us and gave her a tender "Godspeed" to all that was to come.

Funeral services were held for her at her home on the following Sunday and, though it was very largely attended, it was a lonely funeral, for of her own—those bound to her by ties of kinship—only one son and a cousin or two were there. But they knew how truly she was beloved by all, and must have been cheered by the tenderness and sympathy shown by everyone there.

From the Russell *Record*, published a few days later, I take this extract:

Her body lay in state at her home and was viewed by all who came. Her countenance had the same calm expression as in life, and her appearance was as if she was taking a quiet rest. The badge of the Army of the Tennessee, which she prized so highly, was pinned upon her breast. The casket was a beautiful one—beautifully trimmed. At the head was a beautiful floral anchor, made of bright flowers and ferns, presented by the G. A. R. and W. R. C. of Russell. A card was attached on which was written these words, "Say not goodbye, but in a happier clime bid me good morning." On the center of the casket was a beautiful shield of white flowers, in which was worked the word "Mother," presented by the W. R. C. of Bunker Hill. At the foot was an anchor sent from Wilson, Kan.

The songs sung were very appropriate, consisting of "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," the words of which have brought comfort to so many who were homeward bound; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Mother's Beautiful Hand," and "I Would Not Live Alway." Several addresses were given, one of them from the text, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." When all was over, the last look taken of the dear face, the last farewell said, her body was taken back to Galesburg, Ill., her son and representatives of different G. A. R. posts accompanying it. Arriving at their destination they were met by the local G. A. R. and W. R. C., who took charge of the burial. There another service was held, attended by a great crowd of her former friends, old neighbors and soldiers, and all was done that could be done to show how deep and sincere was the honor in which they held her, and how truly they loved her. There was much singing, the last song being "Tenting On the Old Camp Ground," that she had heard so often at reunions and loved so much. Dr. George E. Stocking, pastor of the Universalist Church, of Galesburg, at that time, took the lesson of comfort and inspiration from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and one of those who went from Kansas spoke tender words to her memory. I give this extract that you may know how he, in common with us all, loved her:

"There is no love so pure, tender and strong as that of a mother. Christ commanded us to love our mothers, and if any person ever followed that law our Mother Bickerdyke was a living exemplification. In Kansas the soldier boys knew her by no other name than 'Mother,' and she in turn always spoke of us as her 'boys.' But that heart is now still. Mother, after eighty-four years of labor, thought of her old home in Illinois, and expressed a wish to have her final resting place there by the side of her beloved husband (that husband whose love was so much to her that no other could ever taken his place and whose name she bore so proudly to the last). So we have brought her over six hundred miles of plains and hills to bury her in your beautiful city. I have known Mother Bickerdyke many years and loved her, as all of the boys have loved her. I have seen her at many reunions, and there has always been something pathetic about her. I remember that on the southern battlefields, when the noise of the cannons and the muskets stopped, mother was there, and despite the rain, mud and cold, she went everywhere to bring relief to the soldiers. There are soldiers in every state who owe their lives to her. There is no name in Kansas more respected, loved and venerated than that of Mother Bickerdyke.

"Comrades, time has put furrows in our cheeks and our eyes are dimmed. In the days of our youth we fought to perpetuate our country. You did your duty and did it well, and let me tell you something, though I do not know your lives, I am old-fashioned enough to believe in this book (placing his hand on the Bible), may He who guides the destinies of nations and men guide your steps to the land where you will meet Mother Bickerdyke. When we part tonight may we not say goodbye, but may we meet in some better clime.

"Brother Bickerdyke will go to his home, but his hearthside will be cold and mother's chair will be vacant, but may your prayers go up to heaven to help him. When the Memorial day comes round place a tribute on the grave of our Mother Bickerdyke, for him and for us."

At the grave in Linwood cemetery the local W. R. C. had charge and its ritual was employed, the officers forming a circle about the casket. When the last word was said, the last song sung, with falling tears and hushed, pathetic voices the people passed by, and as they passed each one dropped a flower upon the casket, and then "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," slowly, silently they turned away and left all that was mortal of this dear old mother, asleep in the bosom of earth.

She had outlived the great majority of her soldier boys—thousands have preceded her to the Beautiful Shore, thousands more will soon be there—and, oh, the blessedness of that reunion! The joy of that mother to greet her boys again, one by one to take their hands in hers and call them by name—the loved, familiar name known on earth. And, oh, what will it be to them—these soldier boys—to meet her "Over there" and to find, amid all the blessedness and beauty of heavenly life, that she is still the same—the loved and loving Mother Bickerdyke forever!

You must all have read of the beautiful monument erected over her grave, a monument that symbolizes her life and work by the figure of a woman kneeling by a dying soldier, supporting his head in her arms, while she tries to stay the crimson tide of life that rushes from his wounds. It will stand there telling its silent story until Time wears it away. And there the patriotic fathers and mothers of America will bring their little children as to a shrine. Standing there they will tell her heroic story and it shall give strong emphasis to all that they would teach of love and service, of self-denial and all that makes glad the common way of life. It is a story to which not only the little children, but those of larger growth as well shall love to listen—the story of this woman who was true to every trust given her because she was true to herself. She knew "They serve God best who serve His creatures." There the fairest flowers shall bloom and the sweetest bird-songs be sung. There the great trees will ever stretch their branches heavenward and all will unite to tell of life and love and service and she who embodied it all—our Mother Bickerdyke.

The Lincoln Centre Shop

Slowly but surely the Abraham Lincoln Centre is coming into its own. The newest activity is that of the Lincoln Centre shop, for the sale of books and pictures, calendars, art pottery, and gift articles of every description. This new department is presided over by Miss Frances Lester, who brings to her task an experience of many years of book-buying and selling with the Pilgrim Press. There may be already a sufficient number of stores and shops in Chicago wherein the best treasures of the book and art world may be purchased by those endowed with an abundance of both money and time, together with that still rarer gift, the eye skilled to select from a wilderness of beauty and ugliness the thing which is truly beautiful and useful and fitted for the place and occasion; but to one with a modicum of money, time or taste, the very limitations of this little shop may prove a valuable part of its stock in trade. It will seek to minister to beauty by finding a short road between the purchaser and the thing which he, or more probably she, really wants, from a beautiful and costly picture to a five-cent Japanese card. Only books and articles of permanent merit will be kept in stock, but any book in print will be ordered if desired. Orders will be taken for picture framing, and fine needle-work will be sold on commission. Mail orders will receive prompt attention. The walls and shelves are already covered with an array of lovely things to make glad the heart of the forehanded Christmas shopper with purse large or small, and suggestions are abundant for those who prefer to make their own gifts, particularly in the line of calendars and hand-covered scrap-books, some of which are begun and left for the customer to finish, according to her own taste. Fancy papers for art work, tissue paper, ribbons, and so forth, will be kept for the convenience of shoppers.

THE PULPIT.

Conscience Calls

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 7, 1906.

II

The Call of the Church.

Last Sunday I spoke of "The Call of the City" and tried to show how its needs and its privileges disturbed the conscience in its country retreats; how the woes and joys of the city compelled us to turn our backs on the idleness, the ease, the beauty of hill slope and water side. Today I will try to voice "The Call of the Church" as it appeals to the sensitive conscience, not only of those who fain would hide themselves from its exacting demands, in rural seclusion or suburban retreat, but those who in the city would fain evade or deny The Call of the Church—those who take shelter behind business demands, social exactions, educational, philanthropic or other duties and opportunities.

I speak not of the hardened criminal, the defiant outlaw, the rebel against society, or the belligerent intellect who denies the fundamental claims of the church, who in his heart says "There is no God," no future to the soul of man, no transcendental sanctities, no immanent divinity.

The Call of the Church I would speak of this morning is that which comes to the respectable men and women who begrudge time and money given to the church; who are prudential here while they are lavish elsewhere; who subordinate the claim of the church to the claims of the club, the school, the golf links, the theater, opera, and that intangible something called "Society" with its so-called "social duties," its social demands, its social expenditures, ambitions and gratifications.

Before we can discuss the "Call" and its claims we must have an understanding as to what it is that calls. What is this church whose claims disturb our quiet and interfere with our accumulations and our pleasures?

We need not go far for an answer. Experience, philosophy and history unite in saying that the church is now and always has been a school of ethics, an academy of morals, the training ground of character. The church is a human compact in the interest of religion, and one of the fundamental quests of religion everywhere and always is righteousness.

This is not all of religion; oftentimes it is not the most obtrusive phase of religion, but duty is ever a quest and right is ever a demand. "Justice" was the great word of the prophets of Israel. "Renunciation" was the word that made first a beggar of an Indian prince, then made him king of souls, then made him the Light of Asia—Buddha, the king today of upwards of four hundred million souls. Obedience and submission was the conquering word of Islam.

"Love" and "Peace" were the words of the Carpenter who became the Light of the World. They clothed him with divine attributes to the struggling millions of the Christian centuries.

The church in its worst estate has been the safeguard of morals, the stronghold of righteousness. It has pulled kings from their thrones and lifted beggars out of the mire, according to the principles of moral law and the demands of equity. Today and here, the church more than any other institution

in the world, more even than most homes, seeks to interpret life in terms of responsibility, to teach little children the principles of equity, the laws of honor, and to lift their elders out of the law of selfishness, which is the law of the jungle, into the law of service, which is the law of civilization, of the developed man.

In the second place the church, all churches everywhere, have been social centers, places where the heart has found companionship, where the head and the hand have been augmented by the combinations and coöperation that make for brotherhood. The church today, as always, is the last hope of democracy. Spite of its exclusiveness it is the most inclusive thing found in society today; the only organization that systematically, persistently and continuously seeks to break down the cruel boundaries of caste, race and condition. At its altars Jew and Gentile, black and white, are compelled, however reluctantly, to confess kinship; while their most pervasive, persuasive and seductive rivals—the college and the club—are compelling the colored boy to move out blackballing the Jew, or in some more polite way persuading him that he had better not apply. The church I know in many cases distrusts the realization of what it always must maintain in theory—that the common fatherhood implies a common brotherhood; that he has made of one "all nations of the earth."

This lands me at the third and last characteristic of the church that I can speak of this morning. The church is an appeal to the highest. In it man, the *anthropos*—the "upward-looking animal"—comes to his coronation. His infiniteness comes into conscious touch with infinity. Man, the child of a day, becomes clothed upon with the sense of eternity. Here man deals not with the passing interests of the day but with the sublime concern of the ages. In some way or another the human heart must rest in the ideal; soul must reach out for the unattained, else it sinks into the sordidness of the brute, the complacent grunting life of the swine. "Man cannot live by bread alone" is the verdict of history as it was the declaration of the great Consoler. At best every man born of woman is doomed to disappointments, is beset with dangers; pain ever waits upon pleasure; death follows hard upon birth; sorrow and separation, the humiliation that waits upon thwarted hopes, broken purposes and the debility that is the penalty of meanness and sin, is the lot of the human.

The church touches all these with the light of the ideal; it lifts the heart, through prayer, aspiration and worship, unto the beatific heights where shines undimmed the light of the Eternal.

And alas for the heart that knows not this healing, recreating comfort! Alas for the home that ignores these higher needs; tears for the wife, the husband, or the child who refuses this inspiration and denies the reality of the intangible. They have not yet awakened to the ultimate truth, the adequate source of strength. "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

I make for the church no sentimental or miraculous claims. In the cold light of critical history, as the calm result of scientific investigation as well as of present day experience and the deeper judgments of the individual life of our own souls, I say that organized religion throughout the ages has been a school of ethics, a social center, or to use the better phrase of my friend Gannett, a "Social Power House." It has been the asylum of the distressed, the stay of the soul in its tireless quest for truth and righteousness. As an altar of the heart, a house of worship, the church has been an unspeakable power in the world. It antedates governments, or, rather, it was the earliest government. It has outlived dynasties and in its historic forms is more venerable than any human institution outside the family. The Christian church in its most venerable and triumphant form has seen European kingdoms rise and fall. Its most ancient throne today is a modern innovation alongside of the Greek and Roman church. Spite of its political and social upheavals, famines and invasions, the teeming multitudes of India today hold to and are held by the priceless treasures of the Brahminic faith. The followers of Buddha have been hunted and harrassed, driven away from home, compelled to pay tribute to other forms of religion, refused many times the recognition of the state, but Buddhism today is a mighty power, holding in its gentle embrace rajahs and beggars—the noblest born and the luckless children of sin and degradation. Mohammedanism as a religious power today is older than any kingdom established by its prowess and will outlive all the dominions founded by the sword.

I say this without fear of contradiction; I make these statements with the present plight of the church in full view; I admit all its limitations. You will bear me witness that from this desk I have often deplored its schism, denounced its dogmatism, recognized its superficiality; and today I face the lamentable fact that the church, the home of the human soul, the representative of the message of the Nazarene, or the conservor of the message of the prophets, the burden of the Hebrew sages, as the case may be, seems to have a waning hold upon the community. The organizations are handicapped with outgrown doctrines and are distracted by contentions and rivalries unworthy the cause.

Notwithstanding all this, when their claims are put over against their would-be rivals and substitutes, they stand in the open sunlight of God still the noble champions of the noblest things going. Neglected, starved, ridiculed, opposed oftentimes by the intelligent as well as by the flippant, still the church lays the foundations of an education more fundamental and more necessary than our schools and colleges. It still represents consecration and service more persistent and far-reaching than any of our institutions of organized charities. It ministers the social hunger of the human heart more successfully than any club of women or of men, membership to which is so scrutinized, and the select and elect character of whose constituency is so vigilantly guarded. It deals with literature more profound, in philosophies more searching, in reforms more practical and fundamental than any or all their rivals, if comparisons are forced. But antagonistic comparisons are not necessary, not justified, for, like the fragrant herb, the church perfumes the hand that bruises it. Its guiding voices and warning signals are heard and heeded by those who deny its claims and think they refuse its ministrations. The scoffer takes off his hat when the sisters of mercy pass by. The denier is silenced at least by the open grave, and wants the benediction of the pure, the sanction of the representatives of purity, at the marriage altar. The new-born babe touches the most flippant with awe, and there are moments, many moments, which multiply as life advances, when a growing bank account fails to satisfy and "prosperity" is a word of doubtful meaning. At such times the claims of the church are vindicated, its sanctities are justified.

If I am right, then, it can never be a question to

the intelligent of church or no church; it is always a question of a poor church or a better one. That prodigal has sunk the lowest who is most satisfied with his husks, and the greatest calamity that can befall a living man or woman is to be rendered deaf by the din of business or the chatter of society to the voices of the ages speaking to the eternal in the soul of man, indifferent to the "treasures that moth cannot corrupt" and the treasure house where "thieves cannot break through and steal."

The prosperity that blights, that makes one complacent, satisfied, proud of his stolidity, the prosperous who turn a deaf ear to the cry of the church or who begrudge the pittance that goes where the bounty should go, are those to whom the church cries loudest.

> "If he could doubt on his triumphant cross,
> How much more *I*, in defeat and loss
> Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
> Of having lived the very life I *willed*,
> Of being all that I desired to be?
> My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken *me?*"

Admitting then, as I sadly do, the pitiable blight of the church of today, recognizing that it is on trial at the court of the intelligent, that its right to be is challenged by many in the name of science, that it is practically sidetracked in the lives of many intelligent men and women who give the cream of their lives to some of the modern substitutes for the church, leaving for the ancient altars only the skim milk of their brain and energy, let us think a moment as to "Who is to blame"? What is the matter? In all this arraignment the preacher is the easy scapegoat.

Says the *Record-Herald* in a recent editorial on "The City Problem":

> "There stands the preacher alone in a high place, the easiest mark in the world, and not infrequently the entire responsibility for vacant pews and an empty treasury is dropped on his poor shoulders. Do what we will, the discussion comes back to him. If he is an eloquent talker and combines with eloquence rare spiritual gifts, but is at the same time a poor organizer, the conviction grows that what the church needs is an organizer. If his sermons are uninteresting and his time is devoted to efforts at organization, the wise judges in the pews decide that what is required is a more inspired preaching of the word. Then, again, some people call for orthodox sermons and some for liberal sermons and some for sociological essays. . . .
>
> "Meantime the neighborhood continues to deteriorate, the empty pews grow more appalling, and the demand for a change in the pulpit and for an 'upbuilder' increases. What the new man must be is not clear, except that he must be different from the present incumbent."

Far be it from me to extenuate the crimes of the pulpit. The preacher must stand a man among men, be tested by the same standards as other men and holden to the high demands of modern society. But if he is a man among men, then the men who would be his peers, critics and co-workers must be sharers in the humiliations and partners in the debility of the church. If the minister lacks in mental courage, if he does not dare speak in the pulpit the convictions of the Study—what is he afraid of? For the most part the intimidating frowns of the men who hold the purses, the genteel ostracism of the women who fain would enjoy the luxuries of the pew on Sunday without being asked to help apply that gospel for the benefit of the community it represents. If the thinking of the minister is confused, if he is not well informed on the problems of the soul as revealed in history, in scripture or in life, then there is an academic responsibility that lies back of the pulpit. He grew up in a home where sacred things were muddled or trifled with. He went to school where the plain truth was not spoken or the whole truth was not taught.

I read in a recent sermon preached by an eminent Baptist clergyman:

> "We do not hear very much about the temptations to dishonesty in the ministry, but let me tell you frankly that I do not believe there is any place in all the world where the temptations to intellectual dishonesty are so great today as in the profession that I represent. I am speaking out of my own experience and from what I know to be the experience of other men. The temptations today to be dishonest in the ministry are greater than the temptations to be dishonest in business or politics or perhaps anywhere else in modern society."

What are the "temptations" that this great popular minister speaks of? Again I say, they are the temptations that come from a half-hearted, dollar-serving constituency in the pew and the dogmatic, creed-serving vigilance of the guardians of sectarian purity and denominational success largely represented by the laity.

"The Call of the Church," then, is to the clergy and the laity, to men and women, to put it where it belongs—in the center and not on the circumference of their lives; to give it not the rag ends of our fortunes and the fag ends of our time but that just proportion of time, energy and means that its significance demands.

The old Jewish law called for a tithe of the income to be given to the cause of religion. Who dares say that the percentage is too large in view of the great work it has in hand, the mighty issues that are at stake? In determining this proportion let conscience take note of the fact that religion is a permanent factor in the life of the race and that it is the developed man that rises into the power and the passion for coöperation. The church in some form or another is as permanent as civilization. When the Bibles of the race are condemned, when the words of the prophets of humanity are ignored or ridiculed, when men and women neglect the assembling of themselves together in the interest of morality and religion, then in the future, as in the past, decay and death must follow. The twentieth century in the Christian era has discovered no secret by which it can throw the mills of God out of gear; still they grind as of yore, slow but sure. And still all prosperity not rooted in honor, all joy not allied to reverence, all wealth not consecrated, makes for the debility, the death, or, if you like a theological word, for the damnation of those concerned. Believe in God or no God, you cannot deny nor evade the unequivocal lessons of history which show that individual character disintegrates, that homes are broken and the state weakened by unconsecrated prosperity, by misdirected lives.

The church calls, then, today upon the rich to give more of their riches; upon all to give more of their time and love and devotion to those things that are of central interest, of primal importance; and these things are entrusted to them by the wisdom of the ages for the benefit of the human compact which we call the "Church."

The church, as I understand it, the church we believe in, denies the claim of no legitimate interest in life. It would not lessen the support or cripple the influence of any of the many benign forces that make life not only more powerful but more joyous. It is the commercial spirit of the age, the pleasure-seeking element in society, the fascinations of fashion and the seductive inspirations of exclusive and excluding organizations that force the antagonism.

The church that pleads with us this morning sanctifies thrift but condemns greed; encourages fore-

thought but deplores selfishness; it commends the charities that build hospitals but deplores the spiritual torpor that is more sensitive to the agonies caused by a broken bone than the dismay that follows a broken heart. Healthy bodies are desirable, and everything that makes for physical health is commendable, but clear-eyed science, the most farseeing physicians anxiously, earnestly urge that morality is itself a fundamental element in sanitation, whether of the individual or of the community.

Religion commends pastime, rejoices in amusement, but when the day of rest is converted into a day of dissipation, when the peace and uplift of a Sabbath day sanctity is exchanged for the rush and whirl, the dash and carelessness of the golf links or the autocar, there is an alarming violation of the ethical perspective of life a menace to the serenity of the home, and stability of the state.

Last Sunday I tried to show that the city was a higher revelation of life, a nobler output of Nature, and on that account a diviner environment than any that the solitudes of forest or water side could offer. Today, as I understand the call of the church, it invites to a finer communion, a higher serenity, a more God-like revelation than can be found in the soulless territories of Nature. However religious the emotions may be that are enkindled by the contemplation of a tree, its inspirations are dwarfed by just the contemplation of a great human soul.

"What a great thought of God was that when he thought a tree," said John Ruskin. But what a greater thought of God was that when he thought a Jeremiah, a Charles Sumner or an Abraham Lincoln. A hymn of Whittier is a nobler distillation of Nature than the rose or the lily. Aye, the very emotions awakened by the rose, lily or oak tree are probably those suggested by some master spirit, some revealing poet or prophet, without whose help the realms of Nature would to too many of us remain forever cold and spiritless. The Alps were the same combination of green and white, of sunshine and shade, of solemn reaches and weird valleys to the ancient world as to the modern, but in olden times these mountain ranges awakened only emotions of fear, of dread, of horror. Men avoided them as they would the abode of devils. Now poets and artists, the weary of spirit and the sick of body, eagerly seek them. It is because the mind of man, strengthened by worship, tutored by the prophets, guided by the poets, has risen to the higher appreciation. The man-made organ produces higher music than Nature has ever been able to offer unaided. Beethoven and Mendelssohn have exceeded the harmonies of Niagara. "We are so made," says Fra Lippo in Browning's poem, "that we love things first when we see them painted."

So, then, the Call of the Church today is for a re-accounting of human values; a more just assessment of human resources. Do you want to give your money for charity? Forget not, then, the instrumentality that ever labors to makes charity unnecessary, that arouses the self-supporting energies and the woe-resisting forces of the soul itself. Would you encourage art? Then neglect not the institution that has cradled the arts in all times, inspired the artists of all ages, and awakens within your own soul the only powers that can understand, appreciate or use art. Do you believe in education? Listen, then, to the advice of the best school masters, the great pedagogues, who testify in a mighty chorus that that education is a delusion and a snare that does not awaken the spiritual energies of the child. Intelligence is a curse unless it be guided by an enlightened conscience. The educated rogue is so much the greater rogue by virtue of his education.

Let me not waste my opportunity or run the risk of being misunderstood by generalities. I believe that this church and the work connected therewith is a legitimate child of history; it is in the line of honorable descent; it is the logical and spiritual continuation of the fathers, the prophets, the martyrs and the saints who have made life glorious. But be that as it may, I plead this morning for this church and present its claims on its own merits. I believe it deserves a support more generous than that which it has received in the generous past. I believe that it has a right to expect more work, more regular attendance, more devoted study and support in the future than it has received at your hands in the past, loyal and devoted as that support may have been. I do not believe that the subscription list of this church, any more than that of any other church in the neighborhood, shows a just perspective of expenditure. Life has grown immensely more complicated during the last quarter of the century in Chicago. Your resources have immensely increased and your expenses in other directions have increased accordingly. I claim, what your own judgment and conscience I am sure will endorse, that your investments in this "Power House of the Spirit" should be increased accordingly. I put no bar on your legitimate pleasures or expense, but when the expenditures for personal pleasures, for family luxuries, for the recreations of life outreach your expenditures for the creative force of the spirit the character-building, the civic-controlling forces of life, then the Call of the Church should disturb your midnight slumbers as they have so often disturbed mine. The Call of the Church should break through the clamor of society, the glamour of fashion, the shows of luxury, and the love of ease, and when it does reach the conscience and moves it then the old miracle of the spiritual life will be wrought again; the old paradox will be exemplified—that which was at first painful becomes joyful; that which seemed to call for sacrifice becomes a privilege, and the gall and bitterness of the subscription list is changed into the joy and power of triumphant and willing service. Other things may offer doubtful credentials, but this one thing we know is worthy of support and will receive it ungrudgingly.

In the realms of spirit the hardest things are easiest done. Burdens grow light by accumulation. I am not unmindful of the strain and pressure of life; I have no word to offer in the name of conscience to the wage-earning, the debt-fighting, the poverty-menaced, sons and daughters of toil, the working men and women of Chicago who are engaed in a hand-to-hand battle with hard circumstances. So far as the Lincoln Centre list goes, it shows that at least these have given and are giving out of their meagerness magnificent sums. But, as I hear the Call of the Church, it is to those who have been favored, those who are lifted beyond the anxieties of life for themselves and their children. I believe that the fortunes and the fortunate of the world should hear and heed more and more this Call of the Church.

President Roosevelt, with characteristic courage, recommends state control of massive fortunes, a legal limit to the power of men to coin the resources of Nature and the energies of human nature into private possession. This at least is a difficult problem; it is enmeshed in endless complexity. But the Call of the Church takes a shorter and, to my mind, a more ef-

ficient cut by establishing within the heart of the individual the limit of his self-indulgences by awakening in his own soul that flame of conscience that will illumine his possessions, consecrate his accumulations, and lead him by voluntary act to bring to the Master of the harvest the bounty of his in-gathering, careful to give what is already theirs by prior right.

Until this is done churches will continue to be the reproach and the despair of communities, the perplexity of laymen and the humiliation of ministers. When laymen and ministers, men and women, old and young, will recognize the measureless opportunity of the modern church, then the money will be forthcoming, aye, and the workers will be on hand.

Do not think me ungrateful or ungracious. I know that this building represents two hundred thousand dollars of money; I know that it involves large expenditures, but I also know that it offers glorious opportunities. I do not believe that one cent of the money, given or promised, is begrudged by any donor. I will not insult those donors by words of idle compliment. They did their plain duty as they saw it, and nothing more. Less than that they ought not to have done; more than that I do not believe they have done.

But enough. The church call is ringing in our ears. Its call is emphasized by the needs of the community; by the dangers to which our children are exposed; by the menace to our own souls. Let us rise in the power of our opportunity, the joy of self-denial, in the triumphs of a faith that will not be cast down, that will not be throttled by things, the spirit that is stronger than matter, that cannot die.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Cuba. The intervention of the United States in the affairs of Cuba has thus far been a marvelously tactful and successful piece of work. Sought by President Palma in secret messages to President Roosevelt in the middle of September,—followed by his resignation and that of his cabinet and the failure of the legislature to elect any successor,—and welcomed instantly and heartily by the insurgents who, although on the eve of victory, were ready to disperse and go to their homes, it brings every evidence of the entire disappearance of anti-American feeling in Cuba. Mr. Taft has again demonstrated his remarkable ability to handle successfully a difficult situation by bringing to bear frankness, friendliness, patience and common sense. His proclamation in taking over the provisional government of Cuba was brief and straightforward, and showed in every way great consideration for the feelings of the Cubans. Critics of our own administration were, of course, quick to suspect the presence of the land-grabbing microbe in the transaction; but even the most bitter of them must recognize that Mr. Roosevelt has shown marked self-restraint and has evinced thus far no disposition whatever to take advantage of the situation in order to annex Cuba. At the same time the eventual outcome is not unlikely to be a movement on the part of the Cubans themselves to become annexed to the great nation which has shown itself so good a friend to them. The entire record of the dealings of the United States with Cuba may well be reckoned one of the proudest achievements in our national history.

Hearst vs. Hughes. The interest of the whole country centers in the New York State gubernatorial campaign. Mr. Hughes is probably the only candidate who could possibly save the state for the Republicans. And the nomination of Mr. Hearst by the Democrats may be welcomed, on the ground that the forces he represents are mostly to be found in affiliation with that party, and that there is no better time than the present to make a fair test of their strength against the more conservative forces of society. Mr. Hearst has thus far been pursuing a decidedly independent policy in reference to his uncongenial allies from the Tammany camp. He has said that while Murphy may be for him, that does not mean that he is for Murphy; and in Brooklyn he has so antagonized the Democratic boss that the latter has openly announced that he will throw his influence for Hughes. It will be a great fight between honest reform along conservative lines and the uprising forces of an all-confident and all-promising socialism. It is the kind of a battle that will have to be fought over and over again in the next twenty years, and our readers may as well prepare their ballots.

Mr. Hill's Prophecy. Mr. James J. Hill is perhaps the greatest commercial statesman in America today. He is one of the richest men in the world, his sale of extensive deposits of iron ore to the United States Steel Company last week on a contract calling for the paying of $40,000,000 having placed him in the class with Rockefeller. He has made his money in ways that have not brought public criticism upon him. But more than that, he has shown a disposition to think not only for himself but for the good of the whole country. Men who build and finance great railroads and steamship lines are compelled to look far into the future and forecast the movements of population and the coming conditions of trade. Mr. Hill descends from his watch-tower this last week to tell us, through the second annual "mayor's dinner" of the Chicago Commercial Association, that we must prepare for a population of 125,000,000 in 1925 and of 200,000,000 in 1950; that our mineral resources will by that time begin to show signs of depletion; that we cannot keep on indefinitely supplying the whole earth from our mines and oil wells and manufactures; and that our permanent dependence must be not upon commerce but agriculture, and agriculture of an entirely different kind than we are now pursuing in our haste to cut down the forests and exhaust the soil. It is in the direction of scientific, intensive farming that he points for the solution of these problems of the future. We surmise he has been reading Prince Kropotkin's little book, "Fields, Factories and Workshops," which contains stories of miracles of intensive farming that make the imagination fairly reel.

The South Shore Club. The wealthy and fashionable South Shore Country Club has gone ahead and built its great club-house, just south of Jackson Park in Chicago, apparently without remembering that it was in prohibition territory. When it woke up to the fact it proceeded to set the law at defiance in a house-warming at which champagne was sold freely to guests, and then set about to secure, if possible, a reversal of the Illinois decisions, which have been uniformly on the side of compelling such clubs to take out a license before engaging in the sale of liquor. The spectacle of Judge Prindiville, who daily sits on the judgment seat in the Harrison street police court and gives the drunks and disorderlies moral lectures on letting liquor alone and respecting the laws, taking a leading place at this public infringement of a well-understood law and drinking champagne "in defiance to Farwell," was hardly an edifying one. Neither were we pleased to see the name of George Ade in the public prints in the same connection. These men should have stopped to think of the positions they occupy and the influence they exert.

Sporting News. Two international racing contests of unique and spectacular interest, both impossible at the stage of the world's progress ten years ago, have occurred within the past week. Sixteen balloons started in Paris under ideal weather conditions, to see which could cover the greatest distance before being obliged to descend. The winner was Lieut. Lahm, an American aeronaut, who covered 415 miles, landing north of Hull in England. These, it should be remembered, were not air-ships, but balloons. The other event was the race of automobiles on a Long Island course of 297 miles, in competition for the Vanderbilt cup. It was won by a French machine, which covered the distance in 290 minutes. There were several deaths and serious accidents, mostly due to the enormous crowds and the inadequate protection of the course for such terrific speed. Public sentiment should make a repetition of such a contest impossible. In this, our sporting paragraph, we should also make mention of the welcome accorded to the genial Sir Thomas Lipton, "international good fellow," who has been extensively dined in Chicago this past week. Such men have a genuine mission in cementing together the nations in ties of friendship that are a better guaranty of peace than armies and navies.

W. H. T.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father.? Hath not one God created us?

The fifteenth semi-annual meeting of the LaGrange Local Union of Young People's Societies was held in LaGrange College Chapel Sunday afternoon and evening, September 9.

After a short devotional service at 2:30 p. m., led by Dr. Taylor, pastor of the Baptist Church, the subject of the "Congress of Religion" was taken up. Miss Jane Johnson first read a paper on "The Origin of the Congress." She showed how, as each separate portion of truth is discovered, an organization is formed to nourish and promulgate it, thus giving rise to numerous church organizations—amounting at present to 350 distinct forms of religious organization. Continuing she said: "It seems to be the general opinion of the leading men in the world of religion today, who have the greatest insight and are most farseeing, that the time has come to quit falling apart over fragments of truth and to collect all religious forces to work as one body in the struggle for righteousness." She spoke of the "Parliament of Religions," out of which the "Congress of Religion" grew, as the "beginning of a movement to 'prove all things; hold fast to that which is good,' and to restore Truth to her rightful place which had been usurped by authority." Of the Congress she said, quoting in part from Dr. William C. Gannett: "It marks great gain for religion that so many large Protestant bodies, long rivals, often antagonistic, usually unsympathetic, distinctly standing apart—that at last they want to be in any sense one. One in but a limited sense to be sure, each one still independent in name and organization. Only a federation, not a union of churches, still less a unity, yet a great gain for religion, a new step in the direction of sympathy and unity. It is a conference of men who all have theologies and who severally hold their theologies dear and important, and who frankly differ in theology, and who agree to disagree in that matter. How can they do that? I have no authority to speak for others, but this is the way I interpret their action: They can do it because they recognize that theology—that is, religious ideas, men's ideas about God, Christ, the Bible, future life—is but one element in religion and that not the most important element."

Following Miss Johnson, Prof. Charles F. Marks, of LaGrange College, spoke on "The History and Prospects of the Congress." Having access to no means of information concerning the history of the organization from its beginning twelve years ago to the present year, Professor Marks was compelled to confine his remarks to the present status of the organization, summing up its past history and prophesying of the future. He said in part: "All those who take a deep interest in the great religious movements of the world are acquainted with the purpose and history of the Parliament of Religions which was held in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. The significance of that meeting was, we believe, for the most part appreciated, arousing, of course, both favorable and unfavorable comment, as all revolutionary movements must needs do; yet its practicability and not its ideality was the point of attack. The results of that meeting, which are far-reaching and much more difficult to trace, are much less generally known. Some of the lines of its influence are so general that it is impossible to give them form, but one of its results is so specific in character that it should demand the attention of all thinking men and elicit either their sympathy or their criticism. I refer to the Congress of Religion which has been called the "Royal Child of the Parliament of Religions." Notwithstanding the fact that this later organization was an outgrowth of the earlier, it stands today in a position distinctly its own, and has a character and destiny of its own. There is perhaps no greater sign of the difference and distinctness of mission than the fact that it has singularized instead of pluralized the word religion—the Parliament of Religions but the Congress of Religion—indicating a oneness of faith amidst the many existent beliefs. The meeting held in June of this year was the twelfth annual meeting and was by far the most successful and best attended session that has been held, and bespeaks prosperity for the future.

"To show the wide scope the movement has obtained, its seriousness, its import, it is only necessary to mention the names of a few of the men who have identified themselves with the Congress or have expressed their sympathy for its work and their willingness to support the movement. From among these some 200 prominent men we mention only the following: Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook;* Russell H. Conwell, pastor, lecturer and president Temple College; G. Stanley Hall, president Clark University; Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles F. Thwing, president Western Reserve University; J. G. Schurmann, president Cornell University; O. P. Gifford, pastor Baptist Church, Buffalo; Cyrus Northrop, president University of Minnesota; Edmund C. James, president University of Illinois; Henry S. Pritchett, formerly president Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Richard G. Moulton, professor in Chicago University; Gerald Birney Smith, professor of Theology in Chicago University; Nathaniel Schmidt, professor in Cornell University; J. H. T. Main, president Iowa College. With such men interested too much cannot be hoped for the future. In a sense the above list is not representative of the various classes of men in the Congress nor of the men who are at present doing the greater share of the work; it has been given largely for the purpose of showing the standing of the men who are in sympathy with the organization and have expressed the desire that they be put on record as such. The two hundred names, or more, subscribed to the movement, representing, as they do, preachers, presidents of colleges, professors, editors, publishers and men of public affairs, suggest a unifying influence that has not hitherto been observed in the religious world.

"There are two things which bespeak permanency and prosperity for the Congress. First, the fact that it is an organization, a union of men and not of churches. Had it organized on the latter principle it would have long since gone to pieces, we fear, on the shoals of discontented memberships and changing pastors. An organization of organizations involves so many complexities in methods and so much red tape of procedure, and so many delays in execution, that the greater part of the energy generated is wasted in friction, and success is improbable. In the second place it bases its appeal to unity on the primal laws of living, which are practically the same in all creeds and all religions, and not on beliefs which are as numerous as the individuals that entertain them.

"Founded on such sound principles and so far successful in its limited field of direct practical work, with the interest of so many prominent men awakened in its behalf, the Congress of Religion bids fair to be a potent factor in directing the religious energies of the world."

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—What of immortal have I done today?

MON.—Let him who has a grievance against his fellow descend into himself and seek out whether he never has been good in the presence of that fellow.

TUES.—Be good at the depths of you, and you will discover that those who surround you will be good even to the same depths.

WED.—Though you have but a little room, do you fancy that God is not there, too, and that it is impossible to live therein a life that shall be somewhat lofty?

THURS.—To learn to love one must first learn to see.

FRI.—Why are we so fearful lest we exhaust the heaven within us?

SAT.—Goodness and love that are self-conscious have no influence on the soul, for they have departed from the kingdoms where they have their dwelling; but, do they only remain blind, they can soften Destiny itself.

—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

When Mother Is Away

The house is such a dreary place when mother is away;
There isn't fun in anything, no matter what you play.
The dolls just sit as stupid, and act so still and queer—
They always say such funny things when mother's by to hear.

The little china tea set looks so lonesome waiting there;
There's no fun playing party and eating only air!
It isn't like the lovely things you most believe you see
Upon the plates and saucers, when mother comes to tea.

There's no use doing up your hair and dressing up in style,
You know it's just pretending, and you're Betty all the while;
You never hear a whisper from the chairs against the wall:
"Dear me, what splendid lady now is coming here to call!"

The pictures in the picture-books are never half so fine,
The stories won't come out and talk for any pains of mine;
An hour goes so slowly, it's almost like a day,—
The house is such a *lonesome* place when mother is away.

—*Rubie T. Weyburn in Good Housekeeping.*

A Tender-Hearted Soldier

The following story, which General Lawton was fond of telling, seems to us another illustration of the truth that the bravest are the tenderest. All honor to the tired soldier who could still sympathize with a tired dog.

"The night of the El Caney affair," said the general, "when my division was marching back to El Paso to take up a new position the next morning, I was sitting at the side of the road with Maj. G. Creighton Webb, inspector-general of my staff, and one of the pluckiest men I know. My men were filing past, and we watched them. They were tired out, but full of ginger. The day was just beginning to dawn, when we heard some one coming down the road talking at the top of his lungs. He talked and laughed, and laughed and talked, and the men with him were chatting and joking.

"'Here come the colored troops,' said Webb, and sure enough the Twenty-fifth Infantry came along. The man who was doing the talking was a six-foot corporal. He carried two guns and two cartridge-belts loaded full, and the man to whom the extra gun and belt belonged was limping alongside him. The tall corporal was weighted down with his blanket and haversack, but in his arms he carried a dog, the mascot of his company.

"'Here, corporal,' said Webb, 'didn't you march all night before last?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the corporal, trying to salute.

"'And didn't you fight all day?'

"'Sure, sir.'

"'And haven't you been marching ever since ten o'clock last night?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the corporal.

"'Well, then,' shouted Webb, what are you carrying that dog for?'

"'Why, boss, the dog's tired,' was the reply."—*Exchange.*

Ten Rules of Politeness for Children

1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.
2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates as you are to strangers.
3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them, or they speak to you.
4. Do not bluntly contradict any one.
5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.
6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum or eating at lectures, in school, or at places of amusement is rude and vulgar.
7. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.
8. In passing a pen, pencil, knife or pointer, hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it.
9. When a classmate is reciting, do not raise your hand until after he is finished.
10. When you pass directly in front of any one or accidentally annoy him, say, "Excuse me," and never fail to say "Thank you," for the smallest favor. On no account say "Thanks."—*School Rules for Santa Barbara, Cal.*

Guarded By Flowers

A pretty story, which shows an admirable trait common to almost all German children, is told by a recently returned traveler.

In a German city she saw a fine equestrian statue in bronze, around the base of which bloomed a gay little garden.

The visitor exclaimed with delight over both the flowers and the statue and expressed some wonder that the blossoms were left entirely unprotected by either railing or notice.

"In our country I am afraid some of the children might be tempted to pick a flower now and then, as this seems aside from the busy part of the city," she said to her German friend.

"Oh, that would never be here," said the friend, in amazement. "Why, the garden was planted because the children would mount to the back of the horse and ride and the bronze was getting the wrong sort of polish; but when the flowers began to come up there was no more trouble.

"Our children are very fearful lest they should hurt any little growing thing, and they would see the green peeping through the earth and not take another step towards the tempting horse."—*Exchange.*

Poverty's Lot

Poverty bought our little lot,
  Flooded with daisy blooms;
Poverty built our little cot,
  And furnished all its rooms.

Yet Peace leans over Labor's chair,
  Joys at the fireside throng,
While up and down on Poverty's stair
  Love sings the whole day long.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

Night is a good herdsman; she brings all creatures home.—*Gaelic Proverb.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Since the preparation of my last week's notes, an interesting supplement thereto has come to hand in the shape of the following programme, which has been reproduced in a large number of political French journals, and which Mr. Felix Meillon, editor of *France et Evangile*, has said voices the aspirations of a large number of priests, laymen and parishes of France:

1. Separation from Rome.
2. Continuance as national catholics, taking the Gospel as a basis.
3. Absolute independence of each national catholic parish, but union with other parishes of a given district.
4. National federation of all the French catholic churches.
5. Election of members of the legal *association cultuelle* by the national catholic voters; women to be eligible as members representing the association; election of bishops by all the priests of a given territory and the lay delegates of the legal *associations cultuelles* of the same territory.
6. Liberty of believers in regard to the injunctions of the church, and liberty to use the French language in all religious services.
7. A fixed salary for the parish priest, determined by vote of the *association cultuelle*, and freedom of all religious services to all, rich and poor.
8. Freedom of priests to marry.
9. Freedom of the priest to follow any trade or honorable liberal profession, not interfering with his ministry.
10. Wearing of the cassock to be optional except for ecclesiastical functions.
11. No more animosities between different religions.
12. Republican loyalty of the national catholic clergy.
13. Devotion to all social progress along the lines of justice and human brotherhood.

The same paper (*Le Signal de Genève*) which presents this interesting programme contains in another column an article on some things that have leaked out concerning the second general assembly of French bishops to consider the problems of the church reorganization.

It appears that, apropos of a discussion as to ways and means for maintaining the services of the church and carrying on its various enterprises, Mr. Le Camus, Bishop of Rochelle, recommended to his fellow bishops the method he had recently introduced in his own diocese, namely, that only those should be entitled to the sacraments who had made a satisfactory contribution to the support of the church. In this way, according to Bishop Le Camus, the vexed question of the churches would be simply settled once and for all. No associations, no groupings, no declaration to any one whomsoever would be necessary. Duly appointed individuals, lay or clerical, would collect the funds and remit to the bishop, by whom they would be distributed according to the needs of the churches, seminaries and parishes. This measure, which, it seems, had already been adopted by the Bishop of Beauvais, is denounced as scandalous and abusive. Scandalous because it is intolerable that the minister of a religion founded, in part at least, on love for the humble and the disinherited, should, on his own authority, refuse the sacraments to any who desire them, simply because they will not or cannot pay the dues levied upon them for the same. This introduces a distinction between rich and poor in direct contravention of the spirit of the Gospel, which teaches the absolute equality of all men before God.

It is an abusive measure because it offers no guarantee for the fair and equitable division of the funds, no assurance that one parish or one set of priests will not be favored above another.

It was opposed in the episcopal assembly by the Archbishop of Besançon.

In view of the attitude of the pope and the higher clergy toward the new law, it is perhaps not so strange that the catholic masses today show a tendency to take matters into their own hands. More than ever will the course of events be followed with interest from now to the expiration of the limit set by the law for the organization of the *associations cultuelles*. M. E. H.

GUARANTEE

Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

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DR. THORP WITHDRAWS RESIGNATION.

UNITY is glad to announce that the resignation of Rev. W. B. Thorp, to which editorial reference was made last week, was withdrawn in response to the almost united appeal of the South Church, formal statement of his action being made last Sunday morning. Dr. Thorp's friends admit that a change would probably be an advantage to him personally, but believe he can and will complete a great work in this community for which he is peculiarly qualified. We rejoice in his response to a real call of duty and wish him all success. A letter addressed to the church committee on Saturday is given below:

Chicago, Oct. 6, 1906.—Messrs. E. H. Scott, M. L. Barrett, F. A. Brown, W. W. Chandler, J. H. Moore, Committee of South Church—My Dear Friends: I have spent the past fortnight in patient and prayerful study of the question presented to me by your report of the action of the church in declining to accept my resignation as pastor.

I appreciate more deeply than I can tell you the demonstration that has been made in favor of my remaining with you not only by the vote in the church meeting but by individual written expressions from some 240 members of the church and congregation. I appreciate no less the courteous and loyal attitude of those whose convictions compelled them to vote in the minority. While we do not always see things alike, I count some of them among my truest friends.

I may say to you frankly that there has been one consideration in particular which has influenced me strongly on the side of remaining with you, and that is the perception that my departure at this time would leave half finished a work whose establishment I regard as very important. I refer to the work of gathering about South Church as a rallying point a constituency of men and women who believe in a broad, progressive, open-eyed type of Christianity and who are ready to give their active support to a church and a pulpit that stand for these things.

There is no more important work to be done in the field of religion today than to hold these people to the church and to make the church itself a true expression of their faith and their zeal. It is a work for which the Congregational type of church is peculiarly fitted. It has been my privilege to make a beginning of it at this strategic point in the center of the south side, and it is a beginning too full of promise and significance to be abandoned except for the gravest reasons.

After the action of the church had been taken the one question in my mind was whether I had a body of supporters

sufficiently determined and united to enable me to carry forward what has been begun along these lines. Today I am able to say to you that the response which has been made to my resignation and particularly the representations made to me by some of the active business and professional men of this part of the city have convinced me that this is the case and that there is a strong body of men and women who appreciate the situation and are ready and eager to sustain me.

In this conviction and confidence I therefore announce to you that I am resolved at any cost and at any personal sacrifice to go forward with this work among you. I do not do this to please you. I do not do it to please myself. I do it because, under the highest call of duty that I know, I cannot do otherwise.

I have plans for the future of South Church—for the opening of the door of its membership more widely and consistently, so that any who in heart and life are disciples of Jesus may enter freely and find in our symbols the honest and joyous expression of their faith; for the development of our Sunday-school along lines that will make it an invaluable agency for the moral and religious instruction of our children and young people; for the enlargement of our benevolent activities, especially along lines of social service and civic betterment.

But of those things this is not the time to speak. We will work them out together in the days that are coming. It is enough for me to say to you now that my resignation is hereby withdrawn, that I depend upon every one of our people to give me that loyal support which is necessary for success, and that with God's help we will go forward together in the service to which the Master has called us.

Affectionately yours,

WILLARD BROWN THORP.

Personal.

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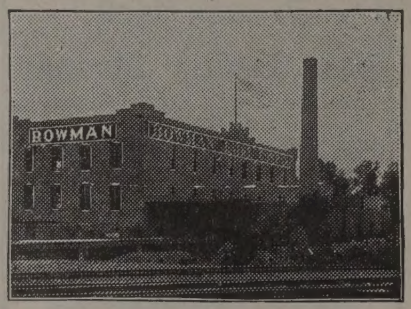

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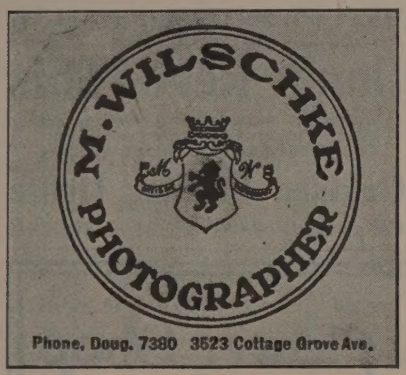

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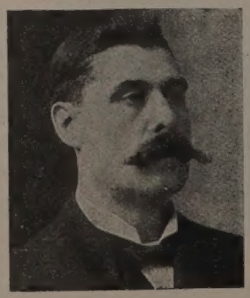

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